

C/O sera bilezikian
box 4056, msc. 3001
new york, ny 10027-6598



They're waiting for the sun to s

Alice Hamilton, MD



RAMYATA

#4

'N moa ambassa, sledgehammer sound
Ray symbolic from jamdown town

#4 - Summer 1997

Welcome back to the **personal/political/ numer-illogical** (i got that term from a bad review and i just can't seem to get enough of it...) zine known as **Damyata**.

Some changes going on here, as if you couldn't tell. It's like this: I've been running around all summer, as well as doing a lot of activist work in nyc...so as you can see, my summer has been very political. (As well as emotional...overwhelming...and even a bit boring) Where my life goes, my zine goes...it's as simple as that. I have a new ad, it's on the last page...same as before: I'll run yours if you run mine. Still available are:

Damyata #2 - all fiction and rivaling a Stephen King novel for the scariest thing on paper...

Damyata #3 - much better - some stories with cohesion, as well as both personal and political essays, plus a cover I almost got arrested for ripping down. (IS SHE DEAD OR ALIVE?)

Fuck - if you want 'em they're free - but you've got to write. To all of you who think I changed the style of my zine because you didn't like it the old way: Don't get too excited. With any luck, you still won't like it.

Oh - hehe - if anyone out there knows what 'N Moa Ambassa means...if it means something really dumb...do me a favor and don't tell me about it.

Enjoy...

- Sera

This needs to be read out loud.

This needs to be read.

"If someone asked me what I came into this world to do, I would tell them:

I CAME TO LIVE OUT LOUD." - Emile Zola

ny july 1997 saturday night

-->Waiting for the sun to set. Waiting for my heart not to sink and the party next door to end. Each voice stronger than the last, something to say which they never told me. Who I was, the same as now - no hand reaching out the grab mine. In this cold city this dull gray summer city I am sitting atop a tower where I buried it all...cars whizzing by me to places I honestly don't want to go. Echoes of brilliant statements which I haven't made constantly remind me. Each voice, singing about the women and

-okay- ^{Something you said}
"I'll keep writing as long as there is
goodnight. I'll see you when
I see you. Because I'm fucked
going to keep writing... ^{up shit} You'll
as long as there is fucked-up
shit going on, as long as
this is all that I have, ^{probably be}
as long as there is time to ^{writing for a very}
waste and debts to be ^{long time}
left rudely unpaid... ^{And if things}
as long as everything that ^{miraculously}
I need, lined up, making ^{go}
a one-way path to the ^{utopian}
moon and back, is strong ^{in the}
enough. Because I am ^{next few}
no one's idea, ^{years,}
and I can't say I want ^{you}
to be. ^{better}
^{keep going anyways,}
^{dear.}

Love,
Sera
XOXOXO

DAMYATA
c/o SERA BILEZIKIAN
Box 4056, msc, 3001 Broadway,
New York, NY 10027-6598

sb415@mail.barnard.columbia.edu

write, scream, send death threats...
just let me know that you're out there

In September 1878, only a couple of months after hearing about Laura's committal to the asylum, Ibsen began work on *A Doll's House*. In his notes he wrote the following: A woman cannot be herself in modern society, with laws made by men and with prosecutors and judges who assess female conduct from a male standpoint.

FUEL for my FURY
 Grade, → Spitboy (all),
 Bedford 7", The New
 Los Crudos LP, The *
 Strike/Dillinger 4 Split,
 Avail (all), The Clash,
 The Jazz June 7", Drift,
 Get Up Kids EP, Nam Sea

damyata.
Just another zine with
 'esoteric' stories
 (-zine world) 'Numer-
 Illogical Discourse'
 (-MRR) and emotional
 essays which display
 good spelling.
 (-someone whose zine
 doesn't) *
 #3 is all fiction and
 political essays.
 #4 has lots 'o writing
 happening. plus
 essays on dumb
 t h i n g s
 like: S.10. women in
 hc and beyond.
 and ways to
 avoid getting your ♥
 broken.
 "Come on. give this
 girrl some STAMPS!"
 (-Supplicant)

2 stamps, 3 for both:

c/o sera bilezikian
 box 4056, msc
 3001 broadway
 new york ny 10027-6598

thrown in for style

it's ten pm and i'm seeing double
 (it's ten pm and i'm seeing double)

i don't deserve it
 fuck we all deserve it.

this page is staring at
 me

like i'm a freak on the
 corner

or out alone at night
 i'm daydreaming and
 it's getting too late
 i'm sleepwalking and
 i think i know the way

bye.
 sera ayian bilezikian



the men, the means to ask us to undo. And then someone comes
 along who knows too much. Has seen more than I've been bored
 enough to touch. Has written odes to my eyes but can't tell me
 what color they are. Someone knows it all - shattering



everything I just said. But not what I've heard myself say. What
 I've whispered to myself to scream, what I tear into you deeper
 wondering if you can hear my noise. Hear what life sounds like
 as we talk as we cry sing write hate and don't forget to. Hear
 me...in our day we are both as beautiful as they don't need the
 other to be. I am looking for hunger to know it's there. I am
 looking for love because I want to feel human again, looking for
 women to speak to and men to kiss. Rainy days to keep me from
 catching cold, an open road so I can call somewhere new home.
 I am looking to be beautiful because I just can't see it. I am

looking to scream because that's what you do when someone's
 after you. I am looking for politics because that's what needs
 some soul-searching. I like the word revolution because it turns
 me around. I dry my own eyes and hold back my own hair. Fill
 my own shoes and follow in them too. For I am no more or no
 less than any of this - so how does it feel to be standing here,
 trying to figure out whose dreams are whose? I see wide and
 dry, ready and sad. My frame - short but ready, pronounced but
 unaware. Of the trouble she has caused her owner, of the life
 she can't live. Of the hatred from those who say they love her -
 say they need her. And honestly think they know themselves. I
 am starving to speak, aching to undo. Yearning to turn
 something on at the base of your skull, remember which dreams
 were mine and hit the road. This loneliness - heavy like my eyes,
 curvy like my body (lacking purpose and direction) makes you
 realize not only could you do it alone - you must. The women
 and the men, yeah we're ready to be the angry and the
 unimpressed.

ON PUNK. ON AVAIL. FUCK- JUST READ IT...
 → Now, what have you done today which justifies your EXISTENCE? ←

Apparently, someone asked my great-grandmother that question every morning until she graduated from high school. Damn.

It's 3 am. I just got home. I'm not quite in love with my life, but a bit closer... Yes, you're finally going to hear me talk about something music/scene-related. Dare I use the word 'punk'... Let me just start off with a little background; my life story of punkdom, so to speak: I'm 19 years old, and have been involved in punk for the last five or six. First in the DIY or die (and it died trying) scene in my home turf of Westchester, and later in NYC. I got involved in hardcore about three years ago (before there were more than two girls at any given show, just for the record.) I'm not sure if I became an activist as a result of the people I met in the hardcore scene, or I started listening to hardcore because of the activist element involved. I suppose I'll never know. What really matters, I suppose, besides the fact that I fell in love with the music would be...WAIT. I fell in love with the music. Are we honestly trying to beat that?

I became a punk because it was the only place for me. Growing up, the only place where I didn't feel alone, unhappy, or like I was living a life I would eventually want to forget was at a punk show. Everyone is down on any given scene now, but I feel that it is important that we all remember why we're still here: that one show every 8 months (or every 3 years...) that drives you home exhausted, in pain, and perfected. Memories of the first political hardcore show I ever went to, I could feel the passion in the room...and could feel my heart beating like a bass drum in my throat; anxious to keep going. Early days in the sXe scene, feeling more loved at a hardcore show than I ever have in my life. A punk show I went to in January that managed to be about 110 degrees but that didn't stop us all from jumping around like we had been strapped down our whole lives...going outside afterwards, our sweat rising from our bodies and freezing to our skin. Remember: Someone will always be more vegan than someone else, someone will always be more up on their knowledge of Finnish crust releases, someone will go out of their way to boycott Product more...I'm still here because I'm still unhappy. I'm still a misfit, a freak...a punk. If we were happy with everything...fuck...would we even bother? "Let fury have the hour, anger can be power...d'ya know that you can USE it?" - the Clash. Okay. Back to my evening.

I saw Avail tonight (actually last night...it's 3 am now). Now I've been an Avail fan for years...but they were always one of those bands that everyone seemed to like...nestled safely somewhere between punk and hardcore, political and personal...(damn this sounds like a zine review...doesn't it?) But it was only tonight that I realized what a fucking big deal that is...looking around; seeing punks, hardcore kids, crusties, older kids, younger kids, people who look like activists and people who

I had an extra page...so...

Okay. Now if you're like me (broke all of the time), you probably prefer letters and e-mail to phone calls. But someday (sigh). Here's the deal - some things you might not have been aware of...

A PUNK'S GUIDE to War Tax Resistance

By redirecting these taxes, we are able to make a positive statment about our priorities. *The Government Deception!*



History of the Federal Telephone Tax

The federal excise tax itemized on our telephone bills has been associated with war throughout most of its long history.

Imposed as a "temporary" tax by the War Tax Revenue Act of 1914, this tax has been used to help raise extra dollars for World War I, World War II, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, as well as weapons of every conceivable kind.

♦ Refuse to pay the 3% federal excise tax on your phone bills. This tax has been used symbolically as a war tax since World War I. Nonpayment of the federal tax is between you and the IRS and should not result in cut-off of phone service. Though illegal, nonpayment of the tax is almost risk-free. The thousands of people now refusing this tax have made it virtually uncollectible.

Generally, your phone company cannot legally disconnect your phone service for non-payment of the tax and can even be subject to Federal Communications Commission action if it does.

EXCISE TAXES HELP PAY FOR WAR

The amount of Federal Tax on this bill, \$ _____, has been deducted from my payment because I refuse to pay for war. Please credit my bill as the FCC requires and report this amount to the IRS. My phone/customer number is _____.

Over half of the federal taxes like this one are devoted to military-related purposes while millions of people in the U.S. and abroad lack adequate food, shelter, and health care. I resist this tax to protest the use of my tax dollars for killing instead of protecting and caring for life.

I hope that you will join me and the many others who have decided to oppose our massive military spending by refusing to pay a portion of the taxes that finance it.

Sincerely,
Date:

Distributed by: War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., NY, NY 10012

NATIONAL WAR TAX RESISTANCE
COORDINATING COMMITTEE

PO Box 774

Monroe, ME 04951

(207) 525-7774

WHAT YOU CAN DO

info from NWTRCC and WRI literature

joan of arc
fuck she's always fascinated me
sometimes i wish i could just
cut that damn hair of mine
and put on armor
but i need my hair to hide behind
she never needed anything
the only thing (if there is a) god
tells me to do is to
be patient
not to save anyone
not to kill anyone
did it hurt to die
or was it strangely comforting,
steaming on winter...
addictive?
you don't have to be pretty
when you've got somewhere to be
i twist my long stringy hair
around my fingers
for once, i push it away from my face
and wonder who
would come to my funeral

(a
very small story)

.and what if I hadn't turned my head...?

The night was a nursery rhyme. Everything
kept repeating and new things were being
added. I had to remember it all and keep it
going as nauseatingly hot it was even in Jan-
uary. At least in August there is the
refreshing dullness of the city...the
boredom. Somehow it became hot in January.
Can't get away with this much longer, I know.
But I'm here now...laughing because all I can
really think about it how good the frigid NYC
air will feel against my short sleeves. And
I'll want my jacket then. And if he had been
wearing lipstick I would have had proof. Who
knows what would have happened if I hadn't
turned my head? Someone in this city doesn't
know what she has. Right now I have it all.
Because a dream is all I'll ever know...

Throbbing Gristle

look like they piss off activists, ~~sXe~~ kids and their respective
counterparts, emo kids, and, even more...just kids. People who look like

+ they've

obviously been to one to many shows this week, using their skateboards
as cushions as they waited quietly, avoiding eye contact and the floor
combination of smoldering cigarettes and pools of spit.

There were two songs I claimed I would die if Avail didn't play:
Song and Model. I was hoping to death there wouldn't be time.

A close friend in Tennessee who I correspond with sent me a zine
about a year and a half ago. On the back page was written one quote:

"I know I treasure things too much"

Now, I had heard that song (Song) about a million times, but that
lyric had never quite hit me at that angle before. It summed up
everything I was feeling at the time...telling lies to pretend I had no
feelings, feeling sad all of the time because somewhere inside me, there
was some sort of happiness...some sort of joy. At first it made it
impossible to get on with my life, and then it really became the only
thing that pushed me forward: finding something in everything...a little
too much.

It seemed safe. Avail had played for a while, and announced that
they had one more song. There were plenty they *hadn't* yet played, so I
thought things were really going to be okay. And then it hit me...I was
crying. I have only cried at one show in my life; at one of the first
hardcore shows I ever went to, when I was about 16...and that was only
because I had gotten kicked in the back.

The song 'Model' always makes me cringe...

"No more invisible to them...You can't compare me...I'd do
anything..."

It makes the two sides of my self-confidence argue
uncontrollably...but something about seeing it live...hearing everyone
chant along with me - "Bullshit...you've got a disease..." - helped me
realize, hopefully for the last time and forever...that I am happy with
who I am. Boycott the products of society? No problem. I wanted to grab
someone next to me and never let them go. I wanted to keep going. I
wanted to keep fighting my way to the front. But I simply couldn't get
away. It is early on a Friday night, at Coney Island High...it is a million
degrees...I am underneath New York City...and I am crying.

For a little while anyway...it was sickeningly comforting to see the
mental milieu switch from "What's there to pray about?" to "While
there's time...I'm going to gain the courage and smile for a while..."
Thank you, Avail.

Sera Bilezikian...now what have you done today which justifies your
existence?

Let's see. I woke up, blew off work with a half-lie, and went to see a
bunch of guys play music on a stage while I jumped around and got
really sweaty and drooled on. I almost got all of my earrings ripped out
and a partially healed leg scab opened up. I had fun. I smiled. I went
home exhausted and in pain. My feet hurt. Oh yeah...and I cried.

→ ENOUGH? ←

don't think for a second.

Like the words to end the letter - I've tried them all.
So...what's it gonna be then...ch? And 'til WHEN?

(a story)

It's July now. And I came home because I wanted to. "Fuck"
She says. A tough girl named Sally with a boyfriend named
James. "I didn't plan on loving him".

--> Staten Island called me as if she were an old friend with a new idea. I left for Staten Island at 2 in the afternoon on a Friday. Home, for sure. But Staten Island first. The sun at my back, the state at my heels. My toll money clenched in my sweaty hand. From Westchester, NY - 2 hours there, 2 hours back. The first and only time I got out of the car was on my way home...half needing directions because I couldn't find the damn entrance to the Bridge...and half just needing to get out. I gave the angelic boy who helped me out with a point of his finger and a knowledge of the county in his eyes a deep smile as I jumped back in my green Buick. In 20 minutes I was home.

I came home because I wanted to. One of the most pleasant discoveries I made upon entering my house was that the coat was gone. This coat...this damn coat had been in the downstairs closet for a long time. Its owner had sweated through it in the summer and been too cool to admit he was cold in the winter - yet he left it behind as if it were something he never thought about twice. I came home and the message light was blinking on the answering machine. One blink = one message. Five weeks have passed. I just haven't been able to play it.

I lived here for 18 years...and I've been back now for five weeks. Westchester. I missed you....I missed it badly. There's a depth about this place that I wanted to understand for real. The way the loneliness that settles over each morning is the kind that makes you think 'I may not be the only one...but so the fuck what if I were?' I missed the traffic on Saturday mornings...the corners which came with landlords...and Halloween. I fucking missed Halloween. I wanted to have something to talk about...to write about...to tell people. "So where are you from?", when they asked.

Five O'Clock is enchanted, by the way...even up here. It's this creepy rush hour demon that just makes you want to sit in a diner and look out the window and giggle. You don't have to go all the way down to somewhere where the enchantment goes hand in hand with the green. We just happen to deal with beauty a little bit differently up here. I just can't seem to get enough, now can I? I'm 19 years old and it can't just sit here. It's got to do so much more. And as soon as I find it, like ketchup on something that needs it...someone will come along who can tell her story a little better than I can. She'll use more action words.

I met Sally when I was only going to be 17 for a few more days. She went to Catholic school and wore fishnets and combat boots with her uniform everyday. During one of the few conversations that we had, everything she said seemed to shock me. Maybe I was just inexperienced and bored, but that girl sure had a way with words. Nothing fancy, and nothing too pretty. "I want so much" That statement, spoken in almost a monotone stage whisper...echoed through me; like a chant, like a prayer. "Fuck..." She said, her swallowed New York accent traversing her speech. "He wants me to stay home. He wants me to drive him. And I didn't plan on loving him..."

I had my own "him" at the time. (The owner of the black trench coat). He had disappeared for a while at the time. I wasn't quite as angry as I pretended:

Zine distros:

% Andrew
PO Box 1862
Roanoke, VA 24008

Tavis Distro
% Grea
PO Box 8183
Victoria BC
V8W-3R8 CANADA

Spectacle

Politics, travel,
Opinions, personal
Writings. (2\$)
Theo Witsell
1010 Scott St.
Little Rock, AR 72202

invaluable.

Square Suckers

Fiction, drawings,
a slice of life.

Kim (1\$)
PO Box 424, Rt. 1
Unicwi, TN 37692

Also...
Kickstand,
the Women-
oriented boy-
friendly
music-zine-
clothing
distro.
Same address
as SNEER

anti-establishmentarianism

Picked this up in VA-
Politics, personal writings,
the Young Pioneers,
and more. (1\$?)
Greg Neate
PO Box 21811
Roanoke, VA 24018

I was too impatient
to collect ads this time)

ZINES.

They're all incredible.

ALICE IS AN ISLAND

Red River

Feminism = Politics =
Hardcore = Personal.
It's about time.

Leigh
R 229 Cliffside Ave.
Trucksville PA
18708

-or- Megan
12 Mallery Pl.
Wilkes-Barre, PA
18702

candles for girls

Personal, honest...
Painful and beautiful.
Jennifer
PO Box 2695
Madison, WI 53701

Politics, feminism,
and so much
more... (2 stamps)
Robyn Marasco
Box 8438, Smith College
98 Green St.
Northampton, MA
01063-0100

SNEER

Sarcasm, wit,
brilliance... (1\$)
Kate
PO Box 2048
Kingston PA
18704

"He'll be back"

"You said he left the country!"

"I lied. It sounded good. He went to Cape Cod...people who leave and don't come back don't go to places like Cape Cod"

"To tell you the truth...it doesn't sound good at all. It sounds...damn. Sad."

"Thanks"

Anyhow, I remember trying to write him back during a snowstorm; writing the same letter over again, just signing it differently each time: *Love, From, Later, Cheers! Hope to see you soon, Write back, 'Til then, Love always, xoxoxo, Thinking of you, Miss you, All my love, When will I see you again?, Yours...*

I settled on 'Til Then. It seemed the least intense, but still vague and romantic...with the implication that you sort of hate someone; mad for their handwriting, mad at their words.

On the back of his last letter, (which was cleverly, if illegibly written in black permanent marker) was a typed English assignment on A Clockwork Orange: So What's it Gonna be then...eh? Write an 800 word essay on...

He knew this place well...knew better than to come back. He thought it was something kind of special. Signed his letters with a space. No words, no *Love*. There was no time for that.

I didn't love him. (And for the record, I didn't plan on any of this). There's more to love than crawling skin and heavy breathing. We'd slip back into our act and the only thing that really amazed or even interested me was how fast the time seemed to go by. Pretty soon it would be almost 3 AM and I would have a good excuse to go home, wrinkled and confused. Driving home from his house - through this place at night...exhausted from making an activity out of boredom, and a schedule from frustration. I wanted him to say something to me; anything. I don't know if the words "say something, please..." just weren't heard, ignored, or I never really said them out loud.

So when he left, I put his letter under my pillow. I had a headache. I took it away.

I left the next day.

The message light was blinking when I came back, 10 months later.

Sally called me once, instead of writing me back. She called to say she didn't write. She kept trying, but the letters kept turning into autobiographies, biographies...life stories. She didn't want to share them with me.

"Come on over" she said. "We'll watch horror movies...you know...be miserable"

"Sally...I'm perfectly happy being unhappy here, you know that..."

"You're 19 years old. And I think you know yourself pretty fucking well. You need to get out of there." I thanked her for calling. She thanked me for being called.

Sally dyed her hair. Black. It made her light blue eyes look positively huge and her pale freckled skin perfect. The only problem was, was that the red roots were starting to grow in rather quickly, and making her look pretty again. "Fuck..." (Her favorite one-word phrase) "Well...at least it shows 'em what they've done to em...dyed my hair...straightened my elbows...told me not to think so much." She loved being down on her Catholicism.

At some point I stopped answering the phone. I knew it wouldn't be Sally. She was too busy not writing me back to call. That's how all of this started anyhow, phone calls and invitations. When you're seventeen, suburban with just a touch of NYC grime, and wanting to be something more it can seem like love.

It really can. I was consumed. We were observers. Devoid of emotion or anything else. A terrible movie after another. Damn. It was a fucking chore loving that one.

He was a strange boy.

"Call him. Call him and give him your new phone number."

"No."

"You should at the very least do that."

I hate arguing with myself. It seems to be unpolitical.

I picked up the phone, and couldn't seem to dial more than 5 numbers. The last two made the rhythm and the melody strange, and awkward. If his phone number had been different, I probably would have called.

If I ever do get around to calling him (just in case it ever happens...)

I'm sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry

sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry

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sorry.

Only because it seems like it should be said more than once, if at all. And thank you for taking your coat away. To be honest, we have enough fucked-up memories. And we really could use the space.

I never heard from Sally again. There's got to be more to life than making love with what isn't there. Every word from far away reminding me of the anti-beauty in the crowded New York air... just makes me realize how much more I've got to do alone. When I was young, he made me feel human again. Now, he makes me wish I had never been young. So long.

It never formally ended between us. He left the country. (For Cape Cod) and I stayed behind. I left, and he took away his coat. I hated that damn coat. The way it smelled... like something I suppose I should have tried to remember. Every morning, hanging limply in the closet. My one remaining tie to him. "Fuck..." Sally used to say. "I don't got to drive him anywhere... just because I'll always love him?" Never a real question with her. A spoken dogma with a lift on the end for style. She took nothing from nobody. I'm sure she got out right then and there.

Left at 2 pm. Drove over a bridge with the sun at my back and the week at my heels. My toll money clenched in my sweaty hand. Staten Island. On the way to nowhere - fucking alone - my back hurt from sitting for so long. The next time I got out was somewhere in Rockland county when I couldn't find the damn entrance to the Tappan Zee. I flew out of the car and breathlessly asked for directions. The young man who gave them to me was dripping with gentle kindness. I thanked him as if he had saved my life - and made it home within 20 minutes. Over the bridge - to the center of Westchester - and straight on South. Home.

"Imagine the perfect blend of somethingness and nothingness, there's not much too see and way too much in the way to see it."

"Sounds kind of like where I'm from, except without the somethingness."

"Oh yeah? Where's that?"

"Ohio." Everything needs *kick-up*... most things need salt. If I've discovered one thing unique to my life. She smiled, her white teeth almost mirroring the platinum streaks in her hair.

"Dayton style."

freedom = i hate you < ...

~~Vegetarianism~~ and ~~Feminism~~. ~~Vegetarianism~~ vs. ~~Feminism~~.
~~Vegetarianism~~ for ~~Feminists~~. ~~Feminism~~ for ~~Vegetarians~~.

Well... you get the idea. There are plenty of reasons to become vegetarian/vegan: **Health** (including physical characteristics of the human body such as wisdom teeth and the appendix, vestigial organs which are now of no use to us because we have evolved from our days of eating raw meat and tree bark... as well as the fact that 70% of the world's population will develop lactose intolerance at some point in their lives) **The Environment/Natural World/Economy** (Being opposed to the destruction of the living world for food, the wastefulness of Americans while many go hungry, as well as the fact that the grain/money needed to feed one meal-eater in his/her life could feed about 10 times as many vegetarians and even more vegans) and, of course, **Moral** (Being morally opposed to the cruelty and killing of animals for food). But **Feminism**? After reading *The Sexual Politics of Meat* by Carol J. Adams (I can't recommend this book enough) I began to see the link between vegetarianism and feminism... and it strengthened my beliefs in both.

Adams' arguments are many, but focus on the objectification of women in past and present society: the portrayal of women as sex objects and submissive and docile creatures. This is linked to the "de-assembly line" or factory animals in a slaughterhouse: broken up into parts to sell, called by different names to hide what they really are (*veal, beef, and pork*... as opposed to *baby lamb, cow, and pig*. Compare *its, jugs, breasts, and pussy* for *breasts, women, and vagina*). Adams also addresses the patriarchal associations of meat in history and around the world: where in cultures where there is not enough meat to go around, it is given to the men. It is a symbol of power, of virility. An argument is also made for veganism, in that the dairy industry, while it does not kill the animals for food, produces "feminized" protein - products of the female animal to market. In our society - where it is not only possible but healthier to avoid eating meat (and dairy) - it is one way of breaking the cycle of dehumanization and move as far away from possible from the hierarchy that plagues both animals as well as women.

I stumbled across a counter-argument as well, by a woman named S. James. She claims that in order to be a feminist you must completely reject the aforementioned theory. She believes that the vegan diet is only healthiest for young men in a specific age group (about 21-40), so that women who follow such a diet are intentionally making themselves weak, and contributing to their own subordination.

If you come across any other opinions, or have anything to add, please write.

Shameless Advertisement Alert

note: i wrote this for a pamphlet i made to distro at festivals this summer called *The Feminist's DIY Guide to Vegetarianism and Health*. They're free, and if you want a copy, just let me know.

no animals were killed to make the cover of this zine

The phone calls stopped as suddenly as they'd begun. I'd see him in the halls once in a while and give him a deep smile. He'd turn and watch me walk away to no one in particular. I could feel it, feel his eyeballs piercing my back. His friends scratching their heads and wondering what was wrong with him.

And all that seems even longer ago than that damn kiss. I'd been questioning my weirdness all week. Was I really, truly, deep down in my soul *weird*? Or was that just a label I got tagged with in high school and never gave a second thought to? I felt pretty normal. I mean... I really did. Except that night when I felt superhuman. Subhuman. He made me feel normal.

At that moment however, sitting in my beautiful white skirt outside, I knew that it no longer mattered what I was labelled. My hands hurt and he was beside me. His face was green. He's drunk again and respects me too much to tell me. He'd see me in the halls and not be able to get me out of his mind. Not because of how I looked... or even who I was... but *how* I was.

I remember the kiss. I remember the conversation. I remember his blank glassy eyes not understanding. They said silently to me "How come it never worked out for us?" But something inside me heard nothing. Was he different or wasn't he? He certainly wasn't trying to prove anything to me. I had places to go and was always sober enough to drive. I took his hand for a second before I stood up and walked away. There's so much I wanted to tell him. To ask him. Was he really just like the rest of them? And what did he want from me? He was different and I wanted to tell him that. You are like me. You are me. You are me if I wasn't aware of it. You are me if I did what everyone told me to do. I will never forget that kiss. I was shaking because I was so young. I will never forget that conversation. I was shivering because, for a second, I knew who you were.

Yet... I just scribbled something about "hope you are doing well" and some shit about how I thought it was too bad that we didn't get to be as close as I think we both know we could have been. I kissed it and left thick lipstick footprints on the envelope. I kiss everything I mail, not just letters. Thank-you notes, my phone bill. I don't quite know why.

I don't know if he ever got it. But I don't have time to play this game anymore. *Either get off your high horse and fucking admit that you're weird, dammit. You like sitting in cellars and having absurd conversations. You like me.*

Or leave me alone. Move on and never look back. That was my New Year's Resolution, wasn't it? Here we go. Again. *Damit. (the end)* ~s

Creating it. - My friend Aimee
There is one but one prerequisite for music;

(Ways to avoid getting your heart broken):*

-don't let your guard down
-don't smile
-NEVER ask anyone if they are married
(or if they would like to be)

-Don't cry on anyone's shoulder to see if they'll mind

-never fall in love with a voice, a set of slightly crooked teeth or straggly eyebrows, bare feet in a parking lot, a long overdue hug, A pair of gray eyes you always assumed would be brown....

your own voice telling you everything will be alright, your own ears forgetting you are sad.

- **don't ever let anyone in if they look like they're going to cut out.**

-stop trying to come up with a new way to say:

'I'm the loneliest girl alive' and 'have I mentioned how much that I wish you were here?'

-Wait for the phone not to ring at your own risk,

-Don't salivate when it's time for the mail to come.

-Strive not to exist at all.

-Forget what your voice is for.

-Wear your glasses when you want to pretend you don't see.

-Don't kiss anything goodnight

-or sign anything with an honest row of X's and O's.

-Don't stay up too late.

-Don't tell anyone who you really are.

-keep it so far inside, like a pill you can't swallow

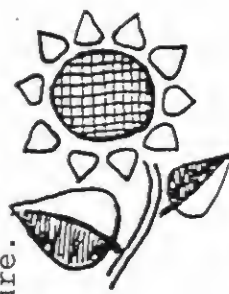
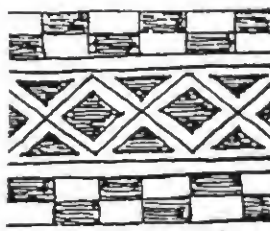
or a feeling you can't place.

-choke on it.

don't listen

to a word

I just said)



Thank you to who broke my heart one early morning for the inspiration. thank you so much. I hope you read this. I (I)

To: New York State Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Dear Senator Moynihan:

I am writing to express my strong opposition to S. 10 - the Violent and Repeat Juvenile Offender Act of 1997. Of course I am concerned about juvenile crime in America, and improving the way these young criminals are dealt with in the legal system, but the provision in this bill which extends the death penalty for juvenile offenders from age 18 to age 16 will do little to deter juvenile crime. The only other nations in the world which execute children as young as 16 are Iran, Pakistan, Yemen and Saudi Arabia. Surely this is a barbaric (as well as cruel and unusual) punishment which will do little to help these young criminals, and will only further the racist and unjust components which are already a strong part of capital punishment.

Instead of punishing young criminals by executing them, we should examine the causes behind juvenile crime: not poverty and related societal ills, but perhaps the lack of living wage jobs and educational opportunities.

I am joined in my opposition by many other groups, including the American Bar Association. Executing children brings us down to a new level of atrocity. I always assumed that America could find better role models.

Please let me know how you plan to vote on S. 10.

Sincerely,

Sera Bilezikian

I'm dialing (202)...
and I can't get thru...

We were talking, (me and him) for what must have been hours. Yet we were so young...it probably wasn't really that long at all. About something like love, but not quite so abstract or intellectual. The way 13 year-olds know love. Hanging out in people's closets or bathrooms, earning respect.

Although I can't seem to remember what I had said, I know I truly meant it. Lying to him, or even putting on an act of any kind didn't seem to be an option. It was different than trying to impress the others. The same girls who, years later, are sprawled all around me in varying degrees of consciousness. His eyes were young then. In my memory, painfully young. Yet I felt pretty damn old at the time.

"When you said...that thing you said...did you mean me?" He asked sweetly. I remember trying to say "Yes". Never since junior high has a kiss made you feel so important. I didn't try to find any further meaning in it at the time. Even though I was young, I was able to accept that the meaning of it was that it was even younger than we were, and knew so much more.

That was so long ago. I think we both almost forgot it had ever happened. One day, much later on, I remembered it. Walking through the halls of high school, I caught sight of his greenish face in something's shadow. And my mind wandered further than it usually did...it wasn't a sudden and crass realization, it was more like "That really did happen. And I'm happy I remember it..."

And I forced myself to move on and never look back. That had been my New Year's Resolution every year: to get better at doing just that. New Year's Eve is the holiday I have always hated the most. Celebrating the end of one dreary, fucked-up year and the start of another. People using it as an excuse to get drunk and take advantage of each other. Sincerely, I was trying. I just couldn't help checking my watch. 10:15. I would have been completely content to go home just then. I sat down on the bottom of an out-of-the-way staircase and put my head down. The sound of young people I would never be able to know buzzed all around me. Up through the wooden stairs, through my elbows, and up into my eyes. I knew this sound would haunt me until I left this town for good.

Then his face appeared. It wasn't green, it was yellowish this time. He sat down and we talked. I wish there was a better word...*talking* isn't right, and describes it too accurately at the same time. His face wasn't good-looking in the sense I have come to understand. He looked as if he should be on the arm of a prom queen or behind the wheel of a red camaro. It lacked anything distinctive. (I like crooked teeth, and oddly shaped eyebrows) I can't remember much about our conversation except that I could feel my eyes sparkling. They were moving under my black eyelids and sticky eyelashes. We were there for around three hours.

I went home that night, removing my silver heels before I got into the car. My cold feet against the pedals was like a baptism, a christening. I said a sweet "Happy fucking new year" to my silhouette beside me. Now besides "We kissed once, a long time ago" I'd also have to think "And we had a fucking fascinating talk, unlike anything I could have ever dreamed" every time I saw him. Damn.

DamndamnDAMN.

Then he'd call me and all he'd say at first would be "Let's talk". And we would. For a long time. And he wouldn't let go. I caught glimpses of who he really was. He was exactly like me. Except he didn't know it. Weirdness was OK for a strange girl he was somehow intrigued by...but never for himself. That was the label to be most avoided at a suburban public high school. He was still caught up in a world of well...*that's just what we do...because...we do it...you know?*

Dear Ms. Bilezikian:

Thank you for contacting me regarding S. 10, The Violent and Repeat Juvenile Offenders Act. As your elected representative, I appreciate hearing your views.

As you may know, the bill was introduced in the Senate, by Senator Orrin Hatch (R-UT) on Tuesday, January 21, 1997. That same day, Senator Tom Daschle (D-SD) introduced an alternative crime reform package, S. 15, The Youth Violence, Crime and Drug Abuse Control Act of 1997. Both bills have been referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary. By amending the Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention Act of 1974, both pieces of legislation aim to reform the juvenile justice system and address the growing problem of juvenile gangs.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
NEW YORK



As your elected representative, it is important for me to receive the opinions of constituents regarding the many controversial issues that come before the United States Senate. You may be assured that I will bear your views in mind when this matter comes before the Senate.

Again, thank you for sharing your concern with me. Please do not hesitate to contact me on this or any other matter of interest.

Sincerely,

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, DC 20510-3201

note: this was printed in dannyata #1 which had a press run of about...25.

New Year.

The storm of the century was finally over. No more excuses to stay home. But it was still cold. My hands were slipping and cold in the night grass. I knew my skirt was getting dirty but somehow I couldn't care. I almost liked the idea of grass and mud staining it so completely that it would be something to break the purity, the whiteness. I'd had this skirt for years - it was the only white article I'd ever owned. It wasn't even really a skirt - it was a petticoat. I had walked by a store one day and there was this mannequin girl in the window. She was on a plastic horse, riding it sidesaddle. The petticoat peered out from under her red western-style dress. It was sexy in such a way I had never thought of before. The salesgirl didn't quite know what to do when I asked her if I could buy it. But she agreed, thinking she was ripping me off.

I had been wearing that damn skirt for too long. There was really no room in my attitude back then to worry about what to wear. It was spring now, and the skirt could have easily been mistaken for the latest fashion, on someone else, of course. I knew better.

The air was thick with suburban dullness. Every patch of grass you'd dare think about placing your hand in or sit in was a trap - a small pool of illegally consumed alcohol. You could smell it on everyone's breath. On the assholes with date-rape fantasies, car keys jiggling loudly in their clammy hands. They leered at me, their drool steaming dangerously close to my neck. Somehow they seemed to have forgotten who I was. In their increasing drunkenness I was...just another girl. The only time they would ever see me as such. As I said before, I rarely left my house. There was just too much to do.

There was this girl, Lauren. And I barely knew her...but she invited me over to her house one day to see her newborn kittens. I picked one up. It was so tiny I felt as if it were going to fall off my palm. It was like all the softness in the entire world, in my hands. And after one too many nights...of coming home and knowing there were feelings inside me that I could not describe. The feeling of being winked at...the fur of that damn kitten...that's how I knew. My world finally stopped spinning. And although I hadn't drank in years, I'd rarely felt so regal, so pure, so controlled as I did that night. The word *beautiful* came to mind, but I shuddered it away.

We had a past. I crossed my legs and my arms too. Everyone there that night either thought I was a freak beyond belief or was too drunk to notice me anyway. I'd spent too much time trying to make sure these people could never know me. It seemed as if it would be a shame to quit now. His face looked blank. It almost looked a bit greenish and had that strange expression which I grew accustomed to trying to peel off...Eager, yet very detached.

I thought of the last time we had been in a situation like this. My hair was long and brown then, and parted on the side. Not the color of chocolate, or coffee. It was just brown. Completely nondescript. I have lost that color completely. Even though the hair dye I used at the time wasn't permanent, when it washed out it left a strange dinginess behind. No matter what - even if I didn't dye it for 11 years it would never again be brown as I'd come to understand the word. For some reason, that night so long ago, I wasn't hiding behind.

SATURDAY JULY 12, 1991

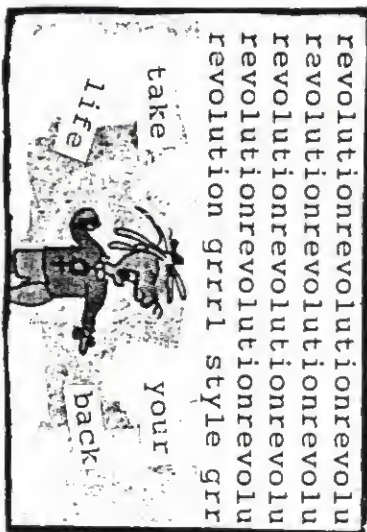
WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK

I came home from the Hear We Are, Women's Self-Empowerment Festival and tried to remember what I had written on the index card I was handed, entitled "Being a woman means..." This is what came out. I was originally going to write a fest report, but this turned out to be a lot more interesting. And I still can't remember the two scrawny sentences that I really wrote...

That would me ME.



abstract



thank you to all the incredible people I met @ the festival...
one whole week later and I'm still feeling like myself for the first time...

I wish I could watch my own back as I walked forward, but I know that if I honestly could do that, then I would trust the world a little more and love it a little less, love in a selfish vein: of staring at my own life and wishing I knew what everyone thought was wrong. No I wasn't safe. I walked quickly home and I was by myself, praying not to feel the danger which had killed rebellion at about midnight - for all I knew was that I had the capacity to love another person. And it didn't matter who, it just mattered then. For to see the world as wearing white, turning ultraviolet as it

PLEASE READ THIS ↓

HEY

Some womanly advice if you want it: fuck you

ON RAPE

ON ASSAULT

ON MY ONLY WAY

Can you get away with me?

steps onward and flirts with who it chooses.. is what we all do...no? Just listen shhhh. It is raining right now and there is no music to calm my fingers, books to read which will make me relax. I just got home, miserable. Sitting here because there is no way I can do anything else at the same time. Someone in this city doesn't know what she has, or how she got there. I AM TRYING TO THINK.

*Victim vs. Survivor
Writing this down because it needs to come out writing this alone because it's the only way: to make undo these unkind words. People just unaware. Rape happens because it can't be stopped. And it must be stopped because we need to concentrate. To recognize. To believe. To listen.

Complete Control...

Damyata is the result. Many people told me that there was no outlet in the punk community for my writing and my feelings. That was a while ago, and this is what I've done to try and fix that. In many ways, this zine is my life. I don't mean that in the sense that it is my primary focus, or the thing I love the most. It is who I am, someone trying to reach other people. I am a lot different than who I was when I started this, which was not too long ago. I know a lot more and I've seen a lot more...and strangely, I've got a little less to say. Writing has become hard lately...it is no longer the one thing that will always be there for me. There's a lot I'm trying to do. Fuck - I'm no idealist, all I am is willing to see how far I can go. I'm 19 years old, working hard to be unemployable...and the only thing that I really know for sure is that once I figure out how to fit my skateboard into my guitar case I'll be ready to take off and never look back. Damyata is a Sanskrit word. It means "control". It seemed like a good title for my zine...which started with someone who just wanted to tell stories...to talk...to write, and it evolved into me, who really has no choice. I have little control over my life, over things I've seen and dealt with, over this generation that we are. A loose yet secure network of people; this entire (dare I use the word "scene") scares me, fascinates me...but even more I am beginning to see that it does support me. Thank you to everyone who's taken the time to read this - thanks for reaching me. It frightens me that this will probably be all many of you will ever know of me. I'm so afraid you know more than I do. This is how I try. Taking a chance and hoping to death I reach something tonight. My life is the conflict, I'm just looking for control.

Damyata is the result.

D. to the I. to the Y.

...Lemme see your other hand! (- the Clash)

Being a woman means that I am sorry. Ok? Confessions of a product of society: I am so sorry. Yes...happy? Being a woman means that I am beautiful and often punished for it, pitied and revered, desired and hated. I need to know I am smart. I am sorry. I never meant to fall in love with those who would hurt me, or feel victimized because of how I was made. I could apologize for getting sick of it all (no NYHC pun intended) sick of feeling cheap and dirty for the way I was built, hating myself for looking like everything I'm against. I sometimes hate feminists just as much as male chauvinists. Can I really be a part of you? A part of that circle I sat in today...a circle of sunburned women who for the first time in my career as a depressed resident of Westchester didn't make me feel odd or freakish...If I owe this world anything, do me a favor and take it from me right now. Because I know - that if you take anything away from me I'll just rip out some more. If you take anything away from me I'll know I've done my job. If I'm giving in - do me a favor and grab me and never let me go. Never let me forget - where I came from if you fell down someone would offer you their hand. They wouldn't grab you and they wouldn't leave you. Call me old-fashioned or just call me a tough girl from Southern New York...but don't call me anything that you know I wouldn't answer to. I have more than a name and a body I have ideas and lots to do with them. Fucked-up things happen in this scene we call progressive...this scene we call unity...this

a woman is not my scene we call hardcore. The days are over. I am

Identity

my primary focus

my motivation

for being angry

my choice

or my idea.

That would be

ME.

city where the pretty ones, there's know you'll give in. me. The next time

to be taller, take me in your arms as if I were all you could ever need. I am so sorry...for putting myself through years of what I did, years of starvation, years of victimization. Some nonsense still creeps into my newfound no-nonsense attitude and the only job that will give me

extreme internal self-gratification is to push it away with a swift turn of my head...something dies with each turn of that head. I'm sorry for lying - I want to live my life. Each time I let go there is less in this world I can relate to. Less fear because I honestly stop caring. You want to talk about choices? Give me one and maybe we'll talk. Because I'm sure if I had a choice I'd know what to do. I love you. I am sorry. I am not the only girl. And that's about the only thing that has changed. Goodnight, sweet

ladies...goodnight. Rise to meet my eyes with a wisdom that comes out of nowhere. And maybe we'll talk

11/95

To a little sister, a big sister is supposed to take you places and teach you things. A big sister isn't supposed to be the one kid on the block who rides the "special bus" to school and the one who is always ridiculed on the playground. The little sister isn't supposed to hate this girl, yet feel a relentless instinct to protect her, and keep her safe. Of course that isn't the way it's supposed to be, but it's ridiculous for me to speculate about what my life would be if my sister were not disabled, because she has taught me more than anyone else I know, and she is dearer to me than any sister. No matter how perfect I could have imagined they would be.

It took me a long time to realize that what I had been dealt in life was not the misfortune that I perceived it to be when I was little. I honestly wished to wake up some morning and find that she was...normal. I really did. I tried to love her, but I just couldn't understand why she was different. I wanted nothing more in a sibling than a noisy little brat who would run around the house and bother me, and I could never understand why my friends would incessantly complain about their brothers and sisters. I was so jealous of them, yet I don't think I mentioned my feelings to one friend during my childhood. I was afraid to tell people about Diana for fear that they wouldn't like me, or that they, too, would not understand. Now I love talking about her almost as much as I love being with her. I'm proud of her, of who she is, and of what she has accomplished. It's no longer this big secret I have or a burdensome weight that follows me wherever I go. Having Diana as my sister is just a part of my life, and part of who I am.

My sister has taught me what kind of person I feel we should all strive to be. Not disabled, of course, but natural, and free from the negative effects of society. I look back now on how badly I wanted my sister to be normal, and the word "normal" no longer has any strong meaning in my life. Except, perhaps, to describe someone who is better at conforming than others may be.


At conforming than others may be, my sister is one of the most remarkable people in this world. Of course, when I was little I refused to see that she had any good qualities at all, but in many ways I now wish I could be more like her. There are so many things in my life that she will never be able to do, like drive a car...but on the other hand, she has a certain carefree internal happiness that I have never seen in anyone else, especially myself. It always amazes me how she has escaped some of the pitfalls that we confront in our daily lives. She isn't ignorant, but she's just about as far from prejudiced as a person can possibly be. I remember an incident that happened many years ago when she was about ten and I was about five. My mother, wanting to know about a boy in Diana's class, asked if Cecil were black. "Black?" Diana asked back in her quiet stutter. The concept of color meant absolutely nothing to her. "Well, he's not black exactly, he's lighter than black. He's a very nice brown color, like chocolate or coffee".

I worry about her a lot, because in many ways she's like a child in

To: Sera M

Sara

My-Marie" V. I. Bilezikian

P.S. - Say hi to yr mom
for me. 

here's your fucking stamp. Go to town.

STAMP



Best Zine request to date ↑

P.S. How's the weather?

the body of a woman. Yet without that quality, she would lose her unique, all-embracing personality. She might be just like everyone else, which she certainly is not. I love to watch her do a jigsaw puzzle, round, and with the same picture on both sides, only rotated 45 degrees. She just picks up a piece and somehow knows where it goes. I stare at the puzzle and try to make sense of it. She barely needs the picture, and only pays attention to the shape of the pieces. She writes poetry; long, rhyming images that make the heart smile because they sound so brilliant and innocent. I am always amazed when I watch her have a conversation with anyone. Although her speech is spastic and difficult to understand, few people are able to walk away and not be charmed by her. And even fewer are able to forget her. No, she's not normal. Yes, I still get frustrated with her at times. But no, I wouldn't trade her in for anything in the world.

I can barely picture her now; that other girl I used to wish Diana would turn into one morning after I awoke from my life as I refused to accept it. Fluffy brown hair and gold hoop earrings are all that remain of her. I can't quite remember exactly when this girl disappeared and the one I began to see as beautiful was my very own sister, with her long black hair and terrible clip-on earrings given to her by my grandmother. And a face so similar to mine, yet I never noticed the resemblance until very recently. I used to wish that we had one more child in our family so I'd have someone with whom to share all of this, but now I'm glad there are only two of us. She's my one and only sister, and I no longer have to be incessantly jealous of the relationships I see between siblings, because I have one which is just as special, if not much, much more. I like to think Diana knows how much I love her, although she would never understand exactly how much she has done for me, even if I told her. I'm sure she has completely forgiven me for how I used to treat her when we were younger. That's just the kind of person she is. Negative emotions don't last long in her mind. And she loves me, too, even though I do annoy her every once in a while. After all, I am her little sister.

← An essay I wrote in high school about my sister Diana, a fairly seriously mentally disabled young woman 5 years older than me. She's someone I think the world deserves to know.

Love, Diana

I spent most of my days alone, wandering around. I felt old. Daphne had always been my partner-in-crime. Our playground had been the obscure and unfashionable neighborhoods we had grown up in, the people we had known...and the fact that they had know us together. Our joke for a while was that we were two halves of the same person. Have you ever looked into a mirror and seen someone else? Someone taller and a year younger, prettier and because of it much less driven. Daphne never understood my desire to keep going, at whatever I was doing. She always wanted to sleep late, to pass time. She always seemed to have a lot more of it than I did. Me? Well, let's just say that there was way too much to do.

Our adolescence was over. I guess that was all we had. Our days were of heavy makeup and raw punk fury...she traded it all in for short styled blonde hair and an inability to deal with people. "I hate people" she would say from time to time, through tears, over however many miles were between us. "That's it. I feel nothing." "So you hate me?" "You're a person. I'm sorry." Sometimes she tried to be funny when she was mad. She needed some self-confidence. "So do you want me to go to the self-confidence store and buy some?" As I said, she tried to be funny. She'd never make it before closing time, and she'd never find what she was looking for.

It would be wrong for me to say I hadn't changed either. Andy's face when he met me proved it. He looked exactly the same. (He's a man...) He smiled at me; he was handsome only when he smiled. And dropped at that. "Well..." He threw his arms tightly around me. "You certainly look like you're ready..." He stopped. I assume he was referring to my lack of...well...things. My only decoration was what I had accumulated on the way, and the dark-brown roots to my bleached dreadlocks.

Andy caught me on the beach one morning. "You still writing?" He asked me. I looked at him.

"You know Andy? I'm trying. Fooling lots of people I suppose."
'A revolutionary?' He said. "That's what I was trying to think of when I saw you after all these years. You look like a revolutionary." I laughed.
'Thank you. That's probably the kindest word I've heard in a while.'
'I'm not really writing' He confessed. 'I'm sitting here, drinking the same coffee and...trying to figure out where we've really been all these years.'
I looked at him. His hair got greasy within hours of washing it.
'Well...I think you're doing just fine. As long as you're doing it, you know...all of the fucking time.'
'You got it. You know.'

I stopped avoiding Daphne after that. I started remembering who she was. I had a lot to learn. We lived through a revolution, Daphne.

The revolution is over.
Are you still writing?
Come on...there's so much to do...
And you certainly look like you're ready.

Daphne hugged me. "I love you..." she said, almost apologetically.
"Fuck, Daphne..." She didn't let me finish the sentence. She took my hand and led me away. Away from the house, away from the beach. Our way. It was time to go home and I was thankful for being alone.

(ston)

There will be reservations only if we fail."

Nikki Giovan

part one: Wilkes-Barre, PA

the kind of town where they still stare at you if you walk in anywhere with orange hair...ah americana...i had forgotten the country could still be like this.

I've spent my whole life around women...almost all of my friends are girls, I go to an all-women's college, my mother and sister were always the more noticable figures in my life...so it was so weird to be surrounded by guys for most of the weekend. They kept me up til 6 am playing poker...

WILKESBARRE

everett
blacktop cadence
burial ground
jersey
coalesce
the get up kids
grade
converge
jazzjune
dragbody
midcarsonjuly
the ethel meserve
hot water music
camber
braid

WILKESBARRE

FEST

guardrail
faulthline
countervail
infind
franklin
translaw
the transnegetti
bedford
shades apart
ink and dagger
i hate myself
bleed
project kate
samantha
roswell

SUMMER

FEST

Someone a lot like me. Someone I could never be...someone I might love.
I can't help it.

(A story)

part three: the beach

Andy had a car. Andy had always had a car, even though he never seemed to have a home. His parents kept moving around, Connecticut, Texas, New Mexico...every once in a while he would show up, in his car, hanging out for a bit, and then take off. To study. There were a few things Andy did better than almost anyone: Studying, and remembering details. Other than that, he wasn't useless at all. Men

Daphne was different. Twenty years old and she still got excited when one of her friends was driving. She didn't move around much, and NEVIER showed up on time (5 pm - 5:49 Daphne time). She had been my best friend for most of my recent life. I barely recognized her.

It was Daphne who dragged me out there.

One time Andy drove me across the Brooklyn Bridge on a Sunday morning. It was on his way, he claimed...he claimed to have somewhere he was going. I caught sight of his arm as he roughly switched gears. It was large and untanned, and covered with hair. I couldn't take my eyes off that arm, and the whole ride home I was in shock, as if I had woken up and was being told it was seven years later than I thought it was. "Fuck..." my only thought made it possible to think it once again, through the night, and even today. "He's a man."

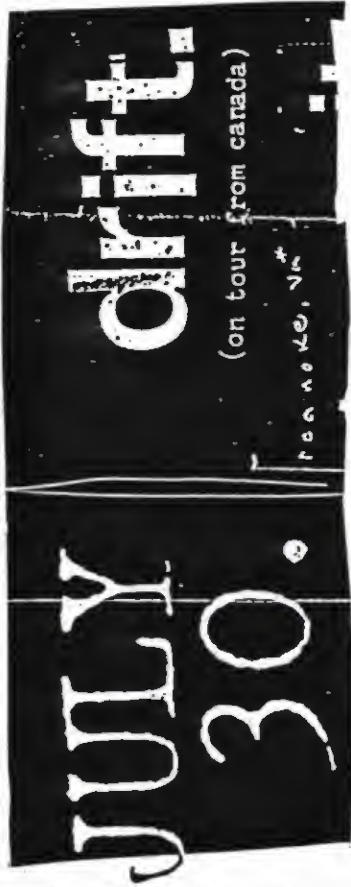
The three of us had met when we were all thirteen. One night Andy borrowed some of my clothes. He never told me why. He couldn't stand up in my jacket, as it was much too small for him, so he just barely stood, hunched over for the entire night. I never really knew him well, he was more Daphne's friend than mine.

Daphne also was notorious for never answering the phone. She never called anybody back and if there were more than four messages on her machine, she'd usually erase them all without even listening to them. It was her turn to call me back, as usual. It had been her turn for quite a while. Usually I broke down and called her, but not this time. I hadn't spoken to her in about ten months. She had called me, finally. She was all the way out there. She just wanted somewhere to work on her sculptures. Andy would be there in a few days; he was having car trouble. He just needed somewhere to write. What about me? Nothing to say to her, as usual. I would be there as soon as I could. I couldn't wait, supposedly.

So that was that. Life with Daphne and Andy was the same as always. The picnic table in the backyard which always gave me splinters, yet I insisted upon laying down on it, face up, and Andy who didn't ever seem to sleep. When I woke up, he'd be up, wearing his glasses and drinking coffee out of a thermos. He didn't seem to be writing, and she didn't seem to be sculpting but the two of them together made me feel lazy and directionless as I always had. Daphne had no direction, fuck...that girl would get lost if you left her in the wrong aisle of a store. And Andy? That boy had had nothing but problems since his father got visited by aliens...and someone tried to kidnap him. His father was a somewhat large man with thick white hair and an elastic smile. I had met him when I was thirteen. "So...you want to write, eh?" I remember him asking me. I nodded. "Have you ever been poor?" He laughed. His wife laughed. Andy laughed. They had been poor, and escaped it glamorously. But they still had no home, and Andy was still afraid of being kidnapped.

"There will be no reservations for the revolution."

to see all of the stars, or even most of them. Perhaps it's because Washington DC is a hot dry state town which does not look kindly upon wet metrocards. Perhaps it's because when I left it was as cold and gray as any October in NY, yet now I'm here in the same dry heat I swore I'd never felt before. Perhaps it was the eyes of the people I met - their words and jewelry, their plans to move and to never strike again. Perhaps it's because I don't understand him. Perhaps it's because I came home to two bracelets in the mail which will never leave my wrists until I have no need to carry my heart like my filthy backpack with my Nausea patches. Perhaps



it's because I swore I'd never come back here or come back there. Swearing, so I can lie and be deliberate. Perhaps it's because I fell asleep with this book in my hands and woke up completely alone, for the first time in weeks. Perhaps it's because I had to go miles (x100) away from home to see someone's face for the first time, and hear the words I swallowed and choked on. The ones I never said, wringing me out like I'm wet and need to be dry. I want to be pure. Perhaps it's because I cuddled with someone I barely knew and let myself because his shoulders were warm and mine felt hollow...or perhaps it's because he ignored me the next day. Or at least tried to. Perhaps it was the fact that I spent 3 days as close to Tennessee as I'll probably ever get and I couldn't write and could barely talk...couldn't think. All I could do was look. Perhaps it's because I'm home, back to cheating the postal system and trying to shock-treat my life. But sitting here, in this unfashionable corner of New York...I've realized a few things. Perhaps next time I should keep a real travel journal...and perhaps I am in love with the south. Perhaps I am simply in love. And I am sitting here wanting to feel complete, when each thing that I add is in another corner of the country. Perhaps I'm not really going to stay. But I got no more room.

andrew: thanks so much. next stop: northcaro

June 27-28, 1997...

I had to go to work the next day. I had to get up and go to work. After coming home late from PA; exhausted, unhappy, thrilled and incomplete. The fact that I had somewhere to be, monday morning at 9 am...proved to me that the world hadn't stopped...as I was so sure it must have.

The weekend was magical, in many ways...there was no need to ever leave. Plenty of incredible music and incredible people...and lots of green trees and clean air...everyone made fun of me for pointing that out...but fuck...I am from New York...

But I was ready to leave...ready to enter the real world again. Thank you to everyone I met/already knew/wandered around with like we couldn't feel the elated small-town stares/whose shoulder I cried on/ who I sold stuff with...you know who you are. You know.

Converge made my heart start beating again. I was thinking for a second I wouldn't make it.

For your information: COALESCE are a mediocre metal band who are guaranteed to ruin any show. Have them play at your own risk. If they break your equipment and throw things into the audience with the intention of injuring someone, well, (and I quote) "That's what you should expect from a Coalesce show..." Hey guys...if "Staying PC" (as you yelled at my friends who returned your CDs immediately after you played) means showing minimal respect and courtesy in the DIY hardcore scene, **WHERE DO I SIGN UP?**

WILKES-BARRE
* **RIFT CARL** *
CHAPTER

I won't play girl to yr boy no more

kate - you're the best
ed - thanks for the shoulder
michael - you're popular...but rad
gwg - radhe.

part two: straight on down south

incoherent adventures in Virginia...

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA



South bound 95

boredom in the mobile home
in nowhere u.s.a.
somehow gotta make it home
to richmond v.a.
when I'm...

South bound 95

but when I'm gone I don't
1.11 m boredom in the mobile home
anywhere in nowhere u.s.a.
somehow gotta make it home
to richmond v.a. I want to go
but when I'm gone I don't

1.11 make it
anywhere but here
but here is where
I've got to be
anywhere but here
I've gotta make it
to dixie

OPEN SAYAWAY

GOOD FOOD GOOD

ESSUNOH
ETFEAW

Yes!

You Can.

KNOW

I suppose one neurotic
New Yorker belongs with
her kind...yet I must
admit I fell in love with
the voices, the
antiquity...and after a
while even I was able to
leave the car door
unlocked without
thinking about it. Almost.
Okay, so I couldn't. It was
fun trying. For that.
Thanks to everyone I
met...

Thanks to everyone
I met...

Firefox*

*what the guy in
a diner kept calling
me because of my
hair.

Perhaps...



...it's because I have to finish this journal
tonight...perhaps it's because I'm 19 years old, yet this is the first
night I've ever spent alone in this house. So many stories to tell - all
intertwined and regal. It's hard to say I'll pray for anyone because I
don't pray but I will think of them and of everything I thought
they would never understand. Perhaps it's because I love them.
Perhaps it's because Canadian French is impossible for me to
understand but talking to DRIFT was so much fun anyhow.
Perhaps it's because they (drift) played last night, my last night of
traveling and my last night in the south, and for a moment I forgot
everything except the slow shy smile that creeps upon my face
when I know something will be a part of me forever. Perhaps it's
because I'm back in New York. Perhaps it's because this morning
at 4 am I was in Lynchburg, VA with just my backpack and my
eyes, exhausted and too tough to hide the real fear they saw, the
fear of independence and freedom. I wanted to sleep but the trees
were too fucking green - there was too much steam rising off of
them, and too many houses which I'll never sit in. Perhaps it's
because so much of this is no longer a dream: being on the road,
singing, having people listen (or at least not ignore), writing and
people writing back, just with a slight nod or a picaresque smile.
Perhaps it's because I'm still feeling like the poster child for crusty
punk girl 1997 even after one shower and several coats of tears
which weren't even mine. Perhaps they didn't come because I
didn't have it in me. Perhaps it's because I've been awake for over
48 hours. Perhaps it's because this is what I should have been
writing while I was traveling. Yet all I could do was scribble on
napkins and watch the ink bleed, write letters so they would have
a postmark different than 10583, 10706, 106027 and whoever else
tells me where I'm calling home. Perhaps it's because I went
swimming in a creek in Western Virginia and a quarry in Central,
and got sunburns which wouldn't dare hurt, and felt tranquility
through the clarity, the murk. Perhaps it's because flying down the
road in Northern VA at night there's no possible angle from which